

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.  
Copyright, 1901, by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY.



FRAGMENT.

FOUND IN 4901 AMONG THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SACRED DOLLARS AT CLEVELAND. BELIEVED TO REPRESENT MARCUS AURELIUS HANNAGO BABOLUS.

## Annual Sale of Household Linens



At "The Linen Store."

A large quantity of the celebrated Irish Table Linen made by John S. Brown & Sons, and several large lots from two of the foremost Scotch manufacturers, including Cloths and Napkins in all sizes, and Table Damask by the yard, are offered at

### 25% REDUCTION

from regular prices.

Exceptional values in hemstitched Linen Sheets and Pillow Cases of Flemish and Irish manufacture; also in hemmed and hemstitched Linen Towels—all in a wide range of qualities and prices. And a very full line of Blankets from the best Eastern and Western Mills reduced for this Annual Sale.

**This Sale Will Continue During Entire Month of January.**

Our 24-page Booklet, describing the goods in detail and mentioning prices, will be mailed on request.

**Mail Orders** for any of the goods offered at this Sale will receive our most careful attention. We deliver all purchases free to any point within 100 miles of New York.

**JAMES McCUTCHEON & CO.,** 14 West 23rd St.,  
New York.



"The Pines of Lory" possesses that indefinable something that takes the reader out of himself and into the world the author has created. All else is forgotten in perusing this strange tale of the casting away of a man and a woman, strangers but for a day's acquaintance, upon an island which they alone inhabit, from which they cannot escape, and where they find a house furnished with rare tapestries and art treasures, and a dead man who has considerably provided his coffin and dug his own grave. The author is Mr. J. A. Mitchell, of LIFE, whose "Amos Judd" is not forgotten, and who combines mystery, picturesqueness and humor in a piece of clever fiction over which the reader knows no pause.

—Detroit Free Press.

## A PORTFOLIO OF HEADS

By C. ALLAN GILBERT



UNIQUE Collection in Portfolio Form of Ten Sketches of Beautiful Women, by the author of "Overheard in the Wittington Family."

Each of the sketches is in itself an artistic treasure. Not only are the subjects themselves beautiful, but the reproduction of Mr. Gilbert's pictures and the method of mounting make each one a veritable work of art.

Each head is an oval, 8 x 11, carefully printed in tone on tinted, heavy paper, and mounted ready for framing, on heavy, neutral board, 15 x 19.

The portfolio itself is a handsome production, with special design and lettering by Mr. Gilbert.

Price, Five Dollars, carriage prepaid. From all Picture and Book Sellers, or on receipt of remittance, from

## LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

19 West Thirty-first Street

NEW YORK CITY

# LIFE



THE GRANDSON OF A TRUST.

"WHY SO SAD, WILLIE? DIDN'T YOU GET NEARLY \$300,000 WORTH OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS?"

"BUT, MAMA, I WAS THINKING OF THAT POOR LITTLE BOY NEXT DOOR. HE GOT ONLY \$10,000 WORTH."

## His First Love.

HE loved her!

The full realization of this had only just come to him, and while with it there came also that feeling of hopelessness that goes with the probability—nay, certainty—of a lost cause, nevertheless he gave way to it. After all, love itself, he felt, was an entity, and needed only itself to feed upon. He loved her, and though she might never reciprocate, it was almost enough for him to know that he was capable of this avalanche of passion that had swept over him. Had she ever loved another? He did not know. He did not dare to answer that question. All he felt was, that if she had but the faintest idea of his love for her, she would at least respect him, if nothing else. Then, though she might in honor

feel obliged to say that she could only be a friend to him, it would at least be possible for him to have awakened her admiration.

But now, how did the case stand? He shuddered as he thought, and sighed to himself softly, as he surreptitiously lighted a cigarette:

"Ah, why am I but nine years old, while she is twenty-three?"

## On a Dog.

"THEY'RE thinking now of reversing the usual process and first trying plays in New York before taking them out on the road."

"What's the idea?"

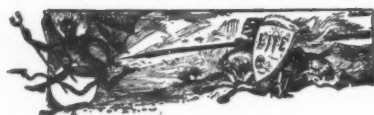
"Well, if a play succeeds in New York, the rest of the country will know it's rotten."

A LITTLE judicious guying has made many a weak man fairly strong.



Miss Shad: HOW INTENSELY INTERESTING!





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXIX. JAN. 16, 1902. No. 1003.  
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

The illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted, and are not to be reproduced without special arrangement with the publishers.

Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.



**A**NENT the question of Sunday beer for New York, the Governor says that it won't do to let New York make Sunday laws to suit itself without the consent of the rest of the State. He thinks that if the question whether the saloons are to be open on Sunday is to be settled by each locality for itself, a majority of the people of the State must first approve of that sort of local option. There never has been local option as to Sunday observance before, and if it is to come the Governor wants it to come with due formality. But for his part, he thinks the Raines law, properly administered by a chastened and penitent police force, will give New York as much Sunday beer as it needs, and he does not recommend new legislation to that end.

Bishop Potter says the Governor has changed his ground out of regard for the views of the country members of the Legislature. Dr. Rainsford says an election is coming, and that the interests of the city have been sacrificed once more to the interests of the State. Maybe so; and yet there is a good deal to be said for the Raines law properly administered, and it seems fairly open to doubt whether a law would be devised that would give, on the whole, any better satisfaction. Bishop Potter suggests that by closing the front doors of our saloons on Sun-

day we nurse hypocrites and open the way to continuance of police blackmail. But there isn't any special hypocrisy about going into saloons by the side door on Sunday. The reverend clergy, as a rule, get into their churches by a side door, but we don't call them sneaks. It is largely a matter of convenience. Closing the front doors of saloons on Sunday makes the streets quieter, and that, as far as it goes, is a merit. A better measure than the Raines bill for the distribution of drinks in New York on Sunday is doubtless possible, but worse measures are also possible, and no law that has been suggested since Election Day has seemed surely better than the law of Raines.



**B**ISHOP POTTER says that Prohibition is an impudent fraud and an impudent failure, that the law is too easy on the drunkard, and the public—misled by the fallacious eloquence of the late John B. Gough—is too ready to put blame on the rumseller. That is all true, or so largely true that Mrs. Clara Hoffman, the Recording Secretary of the W. C. T. U., will seem to most persons to go to extremes in declaring that the Bishop is a law-breaker and the equal of criminals who frequent the saloons. Dr. Rainsford seems to have been caught saying that the W. C. T. U. ladies are good women doing the Devil's work. He says that saloons are a necessity in New York, and wants the bad saloons closed and the good ones bettered. Neither Bishop Potter nor Dr. Rainsford seems likely to get the nomination for President on the W. C. T. U. ticket, but it will be some time yet before the W. C. T. U. can elect their nominee, so that doesn't matter. Former Governor Evans, of South Carolina, has views that seem to agree neither with Dr. Rainsford nor the W. C. T. U. He says the dispensary system in South Carolina is a great success. Without making drinks unduly scarce or dear, it has killed off the barroom system with excellent results to the morals and habits of the people of the State and especially of the negroes, who spend,

he says, very much less money for drink than they used to.



**N**O new building in process of construction anywhere on the earth has excited so much public interest as Mrs. Gardner's second-hand Venetian palace in the Boston Back Bay Fens. Everybody who reads newspapers has read about it, and most readers have wanted to know. It seems that Mrs. Gardner and part of the palace have been incorporated as a museum for the exhibition of works of art and the instruction of the public, so that mankind is likely in due time to know what the inside of the Back Bay Mystery is like.

Mrs. Gardner is entitled to be admired, not only as a public-spirited person and a collector of enterprise and discrimination, but as a rich widow who is able to have fun. It takes a great deal of force—energy, brains and gumption—for a rich widow to have much fun. Mrs. Gardner has had lots; especially with this palace. One admires her for the fun she has had even more than for her spirited use of builders' junk.



**M**R. WILLIAM J. BRYAN says he likes being an editor, and proposes to own and edit the *Commoner* as long as he lives. It is a justifiable intention, for the paper is said to have jumped into a large circulation and to be making money in satisfactory quantities. Word comes that the editor has already built himself a barn and has a handsome and commodious dwelling well under way. There seems nothing but prosperity ahead of Mr. Bryan. His views are in request, and he has plenty of them, such as they are. A man who buncoed a great party with a cross-of-gold brick has every reason to expect to keep himself and his paper in touch for a long time with a profitable public. Mr. Bryan is great as a politician. As a patent-medicine man he would have been magnificent. He has talent, industry, assurance, health, a great voice, and a credulity that enables him to believe in his own remedies.





WHERE THE FUN COMES IN.

"YES, I ENJOY MY AUTOMOBILE IMMENSELY."

"BUT I NEVER SEE YOU OUT."

"OH, I HAVEN'T GOT THAT FAR YET. I AM JUST LEARNING TO MAKE MY OWN REPAIRS."

## THE LATEST BOOKS

*The Evolution of Immortality*, by S. D. McConnell, although written by a disciple of the dualistic school, contains the best short statement of the position of modern monistic philosophy of which we know. The author is complete master of a style singularly lucid and direct, and while one may agree or differ with his theories, one cannot fail to understand him. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)



A SELF-MADE  
MAN.

England under George II. is the scene of a tragic romance by H. B. Marriott Watson, called *The House Divided*. It is the usual fabric of routs, ruffles and rapiers, varied by a Kilkenny Cat denouement. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

John Denison Champ-  
lin's new work of reference,  
*The Young Folks' Cyclo-  
pedia of Literature and Art*, will  
be found a good book to buy  
for the young folks and use  
yourself. It contains a great  
deal of handy information  
which, unlike the young folks,

most of us have had time to forget.  
(Henry Holt and Company.)

In *The Laird's Luck and Other Fire-  
side Tales* A. T. Quiller-Couch has  
gathered nine stories of bygone times  
in various parts of the world. While  
some are more curious than interesting,  
they are all well told. (Charles Scrib-  
ner's Sons. \$1.50.)

*Young Mrs. Teddy*, by Barbara Yegh-  
ton, is a microscopic study of ba-  
nalities. Outside the columns of  
*The Ladies' Home Journal* it would be  
hard to find a better example of  
literary breakfast food. (Dodd, Mead  
and Company. \$1.50.)



"YOUR MONEY OR YOUR 'LIFE'!"  
"TAKE THE MONEY."

Studies of New England seacoast  
types seem plentiful this season. *Up  
and Down the Sands of Gold*, by Mary  
Devereux, a novel dealing with this  
subject, makes very good reading.  
(Little, Brown and Company, Boston.)

It has been claimed that the absence  
of old-fashioned Christmas stories from  
modern fiction argues a falling off in  
altruistic sensibility. That it points  
rather to a popular distaste for false  
sentiment is emphasized by reading  
*Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, by  
Alice Caldwell Hegan. (The Century  
Company. \$1.00.) J. B. Kerfoot.

### OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

"*The Simple Life*," By Charles Wag-  
ner. Essays by the leader of the popular  
education movement in Paris, arguing  
against the striving after the useless in  
modern life. (McClure, Phillips and Com-  
pany. \$1.25.)

"*The Wildfowlers*," by Charles Brad-  
ford, describes some of the methods and  
some of the devotees of sport on the  
Great South Bay, Long Island. (G. P.  
Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.)

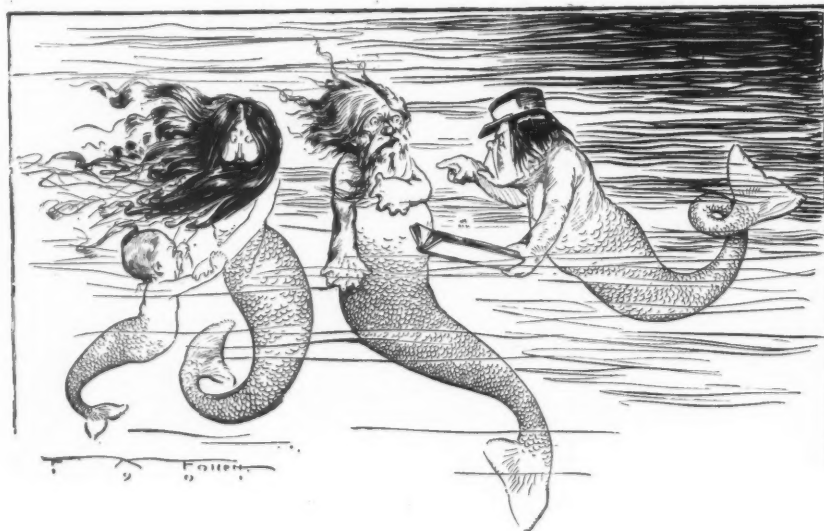
"*In the Days of Audubon*," By Hezekiah  
Butterworth. A quasi-biography of the  
naturalist, written to interest children in  
"Audubon Societies." (D. Appleton and  
Company. \$1.20.)

"*Short Talks with Young Mothers*," An  
exceedingly concise and practical work  
by Charles Gilmore Kerley, M. D. (G. P.  
Putnam's Sons.)

Mr. Charles M. Schwab is re-  
ported to have expressed his views  
on Trusts in these words:

The Trust is a dead business proposi-  
tion, built on a trinity that would wreck  
anything—the restriction of trade, the  
increase of prices and the throttling of  
competition.

More truth in fewer words is  
seldom uttered, and the awaken-  
ing sense of the American people  
seems to endorse the sentiment.



The Collector: DON'T YOU KNOW YOUR WATER RENT WAS DUE ON THE FIFTEENTH? IF YOU DO NOT  
SETTLE WITHIN TWO DAYS, I'LL TURN THE WATER OFF.



# THE ENJOYMENT OF WAGNER.

(ONE WAY.)

**S**CENE: Dress-circle of the Cosmopolitan Opera House. Enter Fanny and Julia, accompanied by the rustle of silk and the scent of violets, Herbert following meekly in their wake.

FANNY (*brisk, breathless, and smiling, pushing her way into her seat*): There, you sit between us, Herbert, and then we can tell you about it as it goes along, so that you will have some idea what it is all about. Here's the book,—Julia, did you—O yes, I have it! There, you can be reading up while we're getting settled.

(Herbert reads, under difficulties, picking up the librettos and handkerchiefs which the ladies on either side drop occasionally as they struggle with veils, hatpins, wraps, etc.)

JULIA: You must hurry, because the overture will begin in a minute, and you don't want to lose a note of it. You see, it gives a sort of *résumé* of the whole opera,—all the principal *motifs* are in it, and it presents the conception symbolically.

HERBERT (*skeptically*): How do you know so much about it?

FANNY (*triumphantly*): O, we've been reading it up! Just as soon as you telephoned about the tickets we sent down to the Library, and we've studied at it all the afternoon. We just know it by heart! You see, everything depends, in Wagner, on being perfectly familiar with the opera beforehand. Julia! There's Mary Day—over there on the left—with the white feather. Don't you see? Quick, she's bowing to you! O, Herbert, I do hope you'll enjoy it! I know you don't care much for this sort of thing—Wagner, you know; but if we *explain* it to you—

HERBERT (*diffidently*): O yes; and the—the Meistersinger is rather—rather musical, isn't it?

FANNY (*horrified*): Musical?

HERBERT (*hastily*): I mean comparatively—compared with some of them, you know. I thought—

FANNY (*impressively*): It's exquisite! There, don't bother with that libretto any longer. It would take you *years* to get through with it. Here's Lavignac,—perfectly charming—and so clear; you just feel as if you knew exactly what Wagner

meant by it all when you've read that. If you had only come home earlier to-night, we could have taught you lots. But never mind; you just skip along through it,—I'll find the place—and you'll get a sort of a general idea—

JULIA (*anxiously*): Fanny, hadn't we better tell him the plot? He'll enjoy it ever so much more.

FANNY: I thought he'd better get an idea of the music; it's more important. You see, Herbert,—I *must* explain to you about the *motifs*. They're little sort of—well,—tunes; and they express what is in the minds of the characters,—the sentiment—the—well, for instance, there's the Meistersinger *motif*—

HERBERT (*floundering helplessly in the Lavignac*): Hold on a minute, won't you, till I find out who the old Meistersingers were, anyway!

FANNY (*pityingly*): O, he doesn't know a thing about it! It's too bad! Why, the Meistersingers were a society in Germany,—it's quite historic, you know—and Hans Sachs was one of them,—Sachs, the cobbler,—

JULIA (*interrupting*): He's just the love-



liest character—so unselfish and devoted,—always made me think of Uncle Billy, someway; don't you think so, Fanny? It's all indicated in the music, you know. You'll see when you get to it. Fanny,—There, we can't talk any more!

(Overture begins. Both ladies settle back in their seats with sighs of rapture.)

## II.

FANNY: I'll manage to tell you something once in a while, Herbert. You didn't have a chance to read much, but I guess it will come to you as you go along. Julia! (in an ecstatic whisper across Herbert) There's the "Meistersinger" motif! Hear it?

JULIA (also whispering): Yes—glorious! I knew it in a minute! And that's the "Banner."

FANNY: Yes—no—didn't the "Assembly" come first? I think that's the "Assembly."

JULIA (decidedly): No, dear, I don't think so. Don't you remember the way those two notes—

HERBERT (growing uneasy): Say, what does it matter, anyway, whether it's the Banner or the Assembly or the—House of Representatives? I can't hear the music if you go on this way.

JULIA (penitently): No, of course not! We mustn't. Fanny! "Waking Love!"

FANNY: Yes—sh! (They continue to telegraph to each other their recognition of the various themes by complacent nods and smiles. Herbert wears an expression of deep solicitude.)

FANNY: Herbert, what makes you frown so?

HERBERT (pensively): Was I frowning? I didn't know it. It's the Wagner face, I suppose. I'm only waiting for it to come to me.

FANNY (suspiciously): For what to come to you?

HERBERT: I don't know. It. Something. You said it would.

FANNY (sighing): I'm afraid you're hopeless!

HERBERT (humbly): I'm doing the best I can. Maybe I shall get on better when we come to the real thing. I never did care much for the—what-you-call-'em—voluntary. There, the curtain is going up now. What did I tell you? Now they're playing! That thing's got a tune to it—regular psalm-tune. I say—

FANNY: Herbert, hush! I want you to listen to the orchestra. This is what I was trying to explain to you,—about the motifs. Julia! "Waking Love!"

JULIA: Yes!

FANNY: Don't you see, Herbert? You can tell exactly what Sir Walter is thinking about by the music!

HERBERT: What he's thinking about? Pshaw! Anybody could tell that by the way he acts. Just look at him! He's smitten with that girl in pink in the front pew. I don't need any music to tell me that!

JULIA: But see how exquisitely the music expresses his emotions! It seems to understand them even better than he does himself!

HERBERT (with sarcasm): Hardly possible, I should think. Why doesn't he leave it all to the music, then, if it knows so much? I don't see any use in his acting at all. O (relenting), I dare say it's all right. I shall catch the idea presently. What did you say this motif was—Making Love?

FANNY: Not "Making Love," "Waking Love." But we're long past that now. This is "Love Confessed," I think; or "Impatient Ardor,"—I'm not sure which. Never mind—sh!

(Quiet reigns.)

## III.

HERBERT (at the Chorus of Apprentices, with animation): Say, that's pretty! What d'ye call it? Regular "rag-time"!

FANNY: Herbert! That's the "Crown." It means the crown of flowers that was given to the apprentices when they became Mastersingers. It comes in every time they—

JULIA: Doesn't sound a bit like Wagner, does it?

HERBERT: Not a bit. It's first-rate! Pity Wagner didn't know enough to hold on to a good thing when he'd got it. The tunes don't stay put long enough for a fellow to get 'em into his head.

FANNY: Sh! Julia! (reaching across Herbert, and grasping Julia's arm convulsively.)

HERBERT (sympathetically): Ouch! What is it? A pin?

FANNY: The "St. John" motif!

JULIA: Isn't it heavenly? Herbert, do listen! It comes in eight times—no, six—I never can remember those tables exactly. But you must recognize it the next time you hear it!

HERBERT (frowning deeply): I'll try. Don't talk to me!

(Quiet again. Herbert's attention gradually relaxes.)

JULIA: Herbert, don't fidget so!

HERBERT: I'm not fidgeting! Say, Julia, does the music tell you what old Dodge was thinking about when he let his wife wear that curious thing on her head? Over there, see?

JULIA: Where? Oh—(frigidly) Her-

bert, you're scoffing! I won't tell you another thing!

HERBERT: Well, you said the music told you what people were thinking about—and I just wondered— (He subsides until the end of the act.)

FANNY (as the curtain falls): Isn't it perfectly delicious? Such charm! Such an atmosphere! Don't you think so, Herbert?

HERBERT (earnestly): Yes, very,—very indeed! But—speaking of atmosphere—rather warm, isn't it? If you don't mind, I'll just step out and get a breath of—

LADIES (dismayed): But we were just going to tell you some more—

HERBERT (hastily): Yes, of course; I want you to. When I come back, you know.

(Exit Herbert. He comes back just as the curtain rises.)

## IV.

HERBERT (taking his seat and whispering cheerfully): Well, girls, what motif is on now? Anything I ought to know?

JULIA (coldly): You ought to know several things, but you don't. I'm just going to let you alone, and let you enjoy it your own way for a while. I'm not going to tell you a single thing. That's Magdalena,—the servant, you know; it's so funny afterward when—

FANNY: Sh!

(Herbert, left to enjoy it in his own way, proceeds to do so. An expression of deep peace takes the place of the "Wagner face." His breathing becomes suspicious.)

FANNY (suddenly): Herbert!

HERBERT (loudly): What? (whispering again) Well, you scared me. What is it?

FANNY: You were asleep!

HERBERT: No, I wasn't! At least, if I was, I haven't missed anything. Old Sachs was sitting there talking to himself just like that when I last saw him, and he hasn't got through yet. Bet you he's been asleep too!

JULIA: He's been singing the most delightful monologue,—full of "Impatient Ardor"—

HERBERT (recklessly): Talking in his sleep! Full of—what, did you say? I could make up a good motif for that myself! Call it—

JULIA: You're just making fun of everything! I don't believe you appreciate it one bit!

HERBERT (earnestly): Yes, I do; the trouble is, I appreciate it so much I can't enjoy it. Really, girls (with pathos), you must make allowances for a tired man of business! You don't know how worn out a fellow is when he gets home from a hard day's work. And you ought to be fresh



"PAPA, WHEN YOU WERE A BOY, DID YOU EVER TELL A LIE?"  
 "I AM AFRAID I DID, MY BOY. WHY?"  
 "NOTHING, ONLY I WAS AFRAID YOU DIDN'T."

when you come to a thing like this. A roof-garden, now—

JULIA (*with horror*): Herbert! But of course, I suppose you *are* tired! Maybe we oughtn't to have brought you. But I'm sure if you'd *studied* it—

FANNY: Sh!

(Both ladies become absorbed in an endeavor to follow the ensuing *motif*, and Herbert continues to enjoy it in his own way until the end of the opera, taking another breath of fresh air between Acts II and III.)

JULIA (*as the curtain falls*): Well, I never enjoyed anything so much in all my life! Wasn't it perfectly beautiful, Fanny? Herbert, now wasn't it, after all?

HERBERT (*intensely*): Sublime—positively sublime! After you'd explained it to me, you know. That last act was simply perfect!

FANNY (*in Julia's ear*): I think he was asleep most of the time, dear!

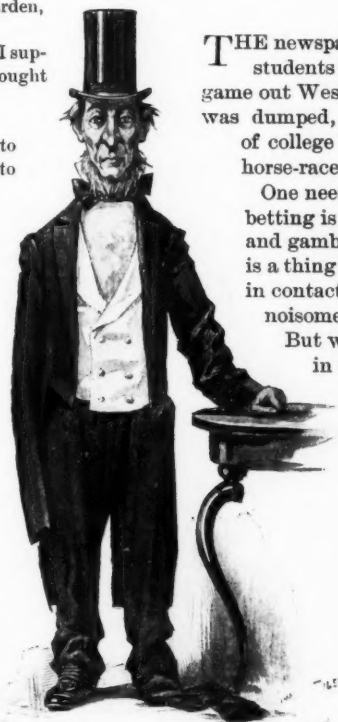
JULIA: Well, we *tried*, anyway! Next time we'll take him in hand the day before. How those themes do haunt one! The way they worked up to the climax—!

HERBERT (*chiming in*): Just walked all over each other at the end, didn't they? I could appreciate that myself!

FANNY: I don't see how people can say they don't like Wagner,—that is, if they've *studied*. Herbert, have you the opera-glasses?—and the Lavignac? It all depends on being perfectly familiar with—

(Exeunt, still talking.)

Margaret Johnson.



"HIS LONG SUIT."

### As to Football.

THE newspapers tell us more and more each year of students betting on football games. At a notable game out West, last fall, when the talent, so to speak, was dumped, and the favorites lost, a large number of college boys went broke like a lot of touts at a horse-race.

One need not be a Puritan in order to believe that betting is bad for boys. It is a species of gambling, and gambling is a ruinous vice. Happily, betting is a thing which well-brought-up boys come little in contact with. Clean boys are not attracted to noisome pool-rooms.

But what if colleges, where boys are collecting in increasing numbers, shall afford the occasion for betting and the encouragement to bet? Seriously, can a college afford to stand for football, if football is to come to such uses?

LIFE, the joyous and ever welcome, is one of the comparatively few things in our distinctively American products for which one can be devoutly and persistently thankful. With the magic wand of its innocuous wit it touches many a sham, for it is the sworn enemy of snobs and hypocrites. May LIFE live a thousand years and keep its youth as unimpaired as it is with number 999!—*Boston Beacon*.

A THEOLOGY is deemed broad in proportion as it attributes width to the needle's eye.



Copyright, 1902, by Life Publishing Co.

MR. MEEKER DOESN'T OBJECT SO MUCH TO HIS WIFE ENTERTAINING  
HIS ROOM FOR GENTLEMEN





HE ENTERTAINS AS HE DOES TO THE WAY SHE USES  
FOR GENTLEMEN'S THINGS.



### Two Stars That Are Stars.



AS it is, the situation where the hero finds himself with sword in hand, his back to a wall and a congregation of armed enemies in front of him, seems still able to stir the reader of novels and the spectator of plays. Certainly this is the redeeming feature of "A Gentleman of France," in which Mr. Kyrle Bellew has chosen to make his reappearance before the American public. The scene in question has some novel features, for instance, the acrobatic way in which the victims of Mr. Bellew's sword roll down steps and over balustrades, but even so it seems hardly sufficient to redeem a piece which in other respects resembles closely the many sword-play versions of heroic novels with which the public has of late been surfeited.

Mr. Bellew himself is an actor of much finish and of even merit, but to-day he seems to lack the fire and vigor to be expected in the extremely Rooseveltian part of *Gaston de Mersac*. His reading of the lines is intelligent to the highest degree and his delivery most agreeable, although kept within narrow limits. In person Mr. Bellew is attractive, the consciousness of which fact inclines him to too much posing. Compared with some of the machine-made stars who have lately held a large place in the public eye, Mr. Bellew gives the spectator a sense of artistic completeness and finish. The part of *Mlle. de la Vire* assigned to Eleanor Robson gives that capable and charming young actress little to do, but she makes the heroine fit nicely into the picture and gains the approval of her audiences. The cast throughout is a competent one and the mounting quite sufficient.

"A Gentleman of France" is a lusty play adapted to the taste of those who like hearty provision for their dramatic appetites.

TO compare Mr. Otis Skinner's performance of *Lanciotto* with that of the late Lawrence Barrett in the same version of "Francesca da Rimini" would certainly not result disadvantageously to Mr. Skinner. Graceful, sincere, magnetic, evidently a student, and with a voice strong, well-modulated and musical, it would seem that even with his deformity this *Lanciotto* was better calculated to win the love

of the frail *Francesca* than his better-dowered but less manly brother *Paolo* as played by Mr. Aubrey Boucicault. To see such an actor and such acting as that of Mr. Skinner's makes one wonder why the combination is so rarely seen on the American stage, and especially in New York. The reason is not far to seek by those who know the standards of the men in control of the theatre in this country. It is so much cheaper to manufacture a counterfeit star than to give his fair reward to a genuine one that the public is given no choice.

The story of "Francesca" is in the minor key but its sombreness is alleviated by the brilliant and picturesque setting given to it by Mr. Skinner at the Victoria. The metrical form adds to its stateliness, and its lines have a literary value unusual to-day. The company is intelligently rehearsed, and in its entirety the performance attains a high degree of merit. Marcia Van Dresser, whose temperament is not artistic, and whose voice and delivery set one's teeth on edge, atones somewhat for these defects by her personal beauty. Mr. Norris's rendering of *Pepe*,



ELEANOR ROBSON AS "MLLE. DE LA VIRE."

the malicious jester, is repulsive to the highest degree, and might in this particular be modified without making the author's meaning less clear.

"Francesca da Rimini," as presented by Mr. Skinner and his company, is a performance an intelligent and educated person may sit through with self-respect and enjoyment. This is exceptional praise.

"THANK GOD!" is the last line of "Sweet and Twenty" at the Madison Square Theatre. The sentiment finds a distinct echo in the hearts of the audience as the curtain goes down—not because the play is in itself a bad one, but because in the process of making the public give up two dollars—more often two dollars and a half each—for seats at a play which should take half an evening in performance, everything is strung out to the point of tiresomeness. Robbed and tired, the unfortunates who have been lured into sitting through this attenuated show naturally join the actor in his expression of gratitude at its end. Better cast and with the naturally slow action of the piece not exaggerated to consume time, "Sweet and Twenty" would make a pleasant first or second half of an evening's entertainment. As it is, the manager who "presents" it might be suspected of getting the public's money under false pretences.

Metcalfe.

### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

*Academy of Music.*—"The Christian" in spectacular guise, with Elsie Leslie and Mr. E. J. Morgan in the leading parts. Religious—or sacrilegious—melodrama.

*Broadway.*—"The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast." Fairy spectacle, enlivened by songs, comedians and ballet. Worth seeing.

*Bijou.*—"The Widow Jones," with May Irwin in the title part. Funny.

*Criterion.*—"Du Barry." Remarkable production and remarkable performance by Mrs. Leslie Carter as *Du Barry*.

*Daly's.*—"Frocks and Frills." Notice later.

*Empire.*—Stock company in "The Wilderness." A clever little play well acted.

*Garrick.*—Charles Hawtrey and English company in "A Message from Mars." Unique and interesting.

*Herald Square.*—Dramatic version of "Monsieur Beaucaire," with Richard Mansfield as the hero. Neither remarkable nor especially interesting.

*Knickerbocker.*—"The Toreador." Notice later.

*Lyceum.*—Annie Russell in "The Girl and the Judge." Clever comedy well staged and acted.

*Manhattan.*—"The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," with Mrs. Fiske as the heroine. An artistic and interesting performance.

*Madison Square.*—"Sweet and Twenty." See above.

*Republic.*—Mrs. Patrick Campbell in repertoire. Notice later.

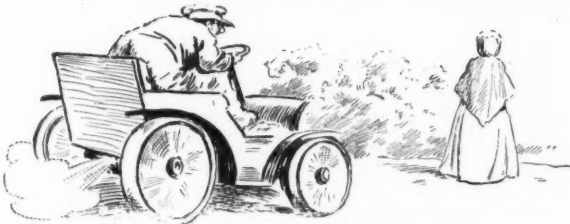
*Savoy.*—Mr. Henry Miller as the hero in "D'Arcy of the Guards." Pleasant play of Revolutionary times.

*Victoria.*—Otis Skinner and company in "Francesca da Rimini." See above.

*Wallack's.*—Kyrle Bellew and company in "A Gentleman of France." See above.

*Weber and Fields's Music Hall.*—"The Girl and the Judge" in burlesque form, preceded by vaudeville on the stage and clever looting of the public by ticket-speculators.

ONE WOMAN WHO DID NOT JUMP.



**A Come-Down.**

**FIRST BILLIONAIRE:** You're not looking very well this morning.

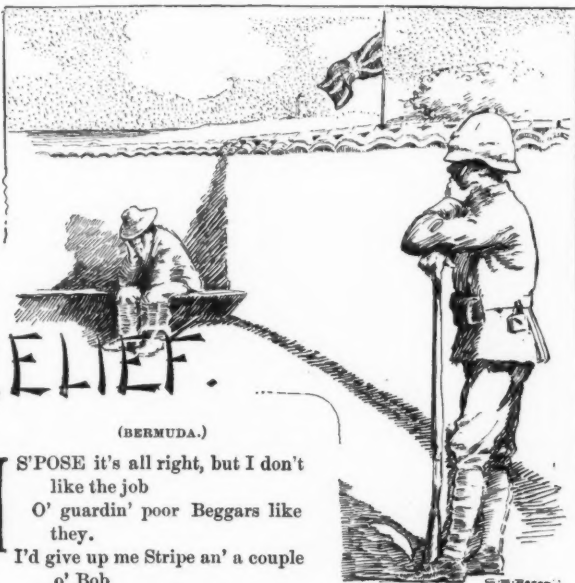
**SECOND BILLIONAIRE:** No. I feel like thirty million dollars.

**Thrifty.**

**H E:** Why did you keep me a week in such dreadful suspense before giving your answer?

"Because I thought you might save enough in luncheons in that time to get married on."

**T H E** reformer takes only the highest grounds, leaving the rich, low grounds to be cultivated by the practical politician.



**RELIEF.**

(BERMUDA.)

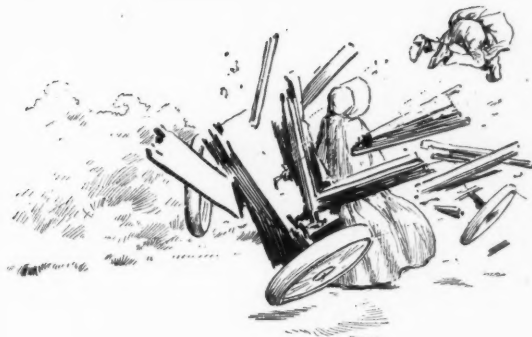
**I** S'POSE it's all right, but I don't like the job O' guardin' poor Beggars like they. I'd give up me Stripe an' a couple o' Bob If they'd sent 'em ALL out to Bombay!

I OUGHT to be thinkin' o' 'Ome an' Friends, (W'y don't 'e walk about?) For it's Christmas in England, an' I intends— ('E's let 'is pipe go out!)

Yes, I ought to be thinkin' o' Tiffin an' Grog— (Now, 'as 'E got a fam'ly? Per'aps.)

Wake up! Oom Duthey; don't sit like a log!

It's CHRISTMAS! There'll maybe be Schnapps!



**The Farmer:** YOU MAY REMEMBER THAT YOU FRIGHTENED MY TEAM LAST WEEK, AND SMASHED ME UP, AND SO I THOUGHT I'D RIG A LITTLE SURPRISE FER YE.

They're blowin' the bugle, thank Gawd! in the Yard— (Shall I tip 'im "returns o' the day"?) I 'ope they'll be quick in relievin' the guard; This company AIN'T very gay!

Well; 'ere comes Relief. 'Ow that Corporal stamps! (Eh, Sargent! I didn't choke!) (Is there DUFF in them Concentration Camps?)

Guard's relieved!—Merry Christmas, old Bloke!

C. R. Bacon.



## Life's Anecdote Contest.

Many contributions to this contest have been rejected, because they did not comply with the conditions, which will be found in our advertising pages.

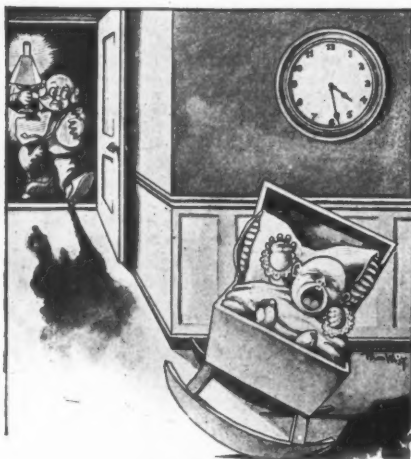
It should be borne in mind by contestants that anecdotes already familiar to the reading public are not desirable.

The more humor there is in each anecdote the more likely it will be to have a place in this department.

### NUMBER 12.

ALTHOUGH Napoleon sometimes teased his second wife (Marie-Louise of Austria), he was very careful not to hurt her feelings by speaking ill of her father. In a moment of irritation, however, he happened one fine day to say that the Emperor of Austria was nothing but a "ganache" (slang for "chump," "idiot.") Marie-Louise not understanding the significance of the expression, which she heard then for the first time, demanded immediately what it meant; to avoid giving her pain, some one replied that it signified "a person altogether agreeable."

But a short time afterwards, one of the ladies of the



SOCIETY NOTE.

A SMALL AND EARLY.

court almost fainted on hearing the Empress say to a diplomat in the sweetest of tones, "Monsieur, vous êtes une vraie ganache. ("You are a veritable idiot.")

"Marie-Louise et Le Due de Reichstadt."

Par H. A. Guerber.

D. C. Heath & Co., 1901.

### NUMBER 13.

The author of the famous tract, "Come to Jesus," at one time engaged in a theological dispute, at last sat down and wrote, to some publication of his opponent, an answer bristling with sarcasm and invective, sharp and cutting as a razor.

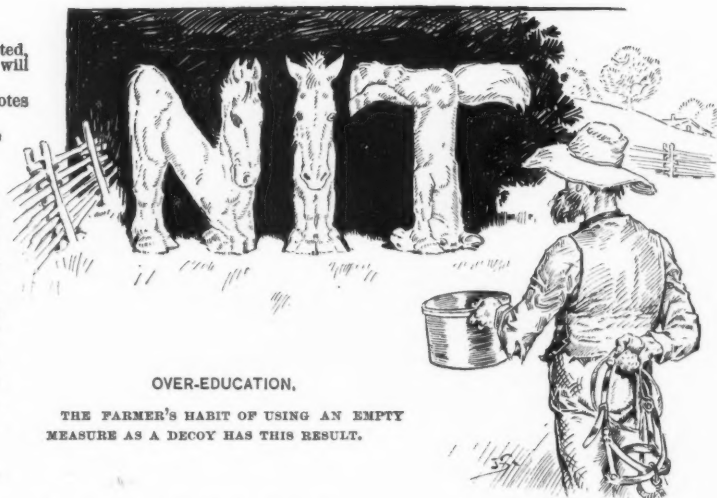
Reading it to a friend, he asked:

"What do you think of it?"

"It is a masterpiece of invective," was the reply. "You fairly flay him alive. What have you decided to call it?"

"I have not thought of a title. Can you suggest one?"

"Well," came the response, "how would it do



OVER-EDUCATION.

THE FARMER'S HABIT OF USING AN EMPTY MEASURE AS A DECOY HAS THIS RESULT.

to call it 'Go to the Devil,' by the author of 'Come to Jesus'?"

From "Seed Thoughts for Public Speakers."

Funk & Wagnalls Co., 1900.

### NUMBER 14.

The late Father O'Leary, who was well known as a wit, had once a polemical contest with a Protestant Bishop of Cloyne. The prelate, in a pamphlet, inveighed with great acrimony against the superstitions of Popery, and particularly against the doctrine of Purgatory. Father O'Leary, in his reply, slyly observed, "that much as the Bishop disliked Purgatory, he might go farther and fare worse."

"Irish Wit and Humor."

Edited by W. H. Howe.

Published by George W. Jacobs, Philadelphia (no date).

### NUMBER 15.

"Everyone about the boy was laboring and sacrificing for him from the beginning, and this was not without its effect upon his character. A little anecdote, which was current in Boston many years ago, condenses the whole situation. The story may be true or false—it is probably unfounded—but it contains an essential truth and illustrates the character of the boy and the atmosphere in which he grew up. Ezekiel, the oldest son, and Daniel were allowed on one occasion to go to a fair in a neighboring town, and each was furnished with a little money from the slender store at home. When they returned in the evening, Daniel was radiant with enjoyment; Ezekiel, rather silent. Their mother inquired as to their adventures, and finally asked Daniel what he did with his money. 'Spent it,' was the



THE JEW FISH AND THE OCTOPUS START A PAWN-SHOP.



Manager: WHY BE SO CUT UP OVER THE LOSS OF THAT LITTLE SHOPPING BAG?  
"SHOPPING BAG! I HAD SEVEN CHANGES OF COSTUME IN IT!"

reply. 'And what did you do with yours, Ezekiel?' 'Lent it to Daniel.' That answer sums up the story of Webster's home life in childhood."

An Anecdote of Webster's Boyhood.  
"Daniel Webster."

Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1891.



THE final musicale of Mr. Bagby's December series, on the thirtieth of December last, was made notable by the first appearance of Mr. Hast, an English

tenor of sympathetic voice and finished style.

It is to be hoped Mr. Hast will be heard often, as his rendering of songs is of the highest order.

Herr Jan Kubelik, in spite of the critics, continues to draw large and enthusiastic audiences.

It is the critic's business to be critical, but—as the March hare said of his watch, after dipping it in his tea—"there's no pleasing it."

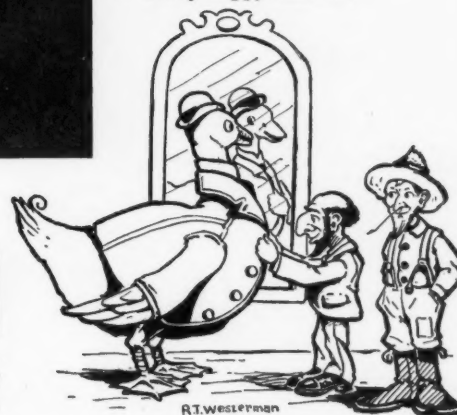
### Greeting.

The publication of the one thousandth number of our sprightly and progressive contemporary, *LIFE*, is an event upon which the *Army and Navy Journal*, from the serene contentment of its two thousandth number, which appears this week, extends the heartiest congratulations to its youthful brother in the service of journalism. The quality of *LIFE* improves with age. Year by year its humor grows more unctuous, its wit more sparkling, its satire keener and its art more delicate. Though just twice as far advanced as *LIFE* in the march of years, the *Army and Navy Journal* is not a day too old to enjoy the buoyant mirth of its vivacious contemporary, to whom, with all good wishes, it proffers the compliments of the season.

### THANKS, neighbor.

These kindly wishes are doubly welcome in coming from a friend who wears so gracefully upon his hoary head the snows of twenty hundred weeks.

Many happy returns!



R. WESTERMAN  
HAVING A DUCK FIT.

# · LIFE ·



ONE of the charms of life in the country is its moderation and freedom from hurry and excitement. It is possible, however, to have too much of a good thing, as an incident which happened recently in a New England farming district indicates.

Farmer Allen had gone up into his attic to get a spinning-wheel for the tableaux which the summer boarders were to produce in the town hall. Like most country attics, it was packed with relics of several generations, but the thing which at once attracted the attention of the city girl who accompanied the farmer was a gravestone, tucked away under the eaves.

"Why, there's a gravestone!" she said.

"Yes."

The farmer dragged it out and turned its face to the light. The inscription on it read:

Sacred to the Memory of  
Henry F. Allen.

Born  
1850  
Died  
1856.

"Yes; that's Henry's stone—he was my youngest boy."

"But why—" began the young woman.

"Why ain't I ever set it up?"

There was a slight pause. Farmer Allen was returning the stone to its place under the eaves.

"Well, I've always meant to," he continued, mildly, "but I ain't never got round to it."—*Youth's Companion*.

MANY amusing stories have been told of the inquisitiveness of Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister at Washington.

His running fire of interrogation, though at times exceedingly embarrassing, has been known to result happily for the victim, as the following story indicates:

"Mr. Wu was a guest at a large gathering, and in the course of the evening was introduced to one of the debutantes of the season, a modest and charming little maiden of nineteen. The diplomat immediately took an interest in her past, present, and future, and, after inquiring as to her age, asked:

"And you're not yet married? Why aren't you? Wouldn't you like to be?"

"The girl blushing replied that she had no objection to wedded life, but that nobody had yet offered himself as a life partner. She thought that satisfied Mr. Wu, who hurried away, but not so. A little while later the popular Minister reappeared, accompanied by a young naval officer, lately out of the Academy, whom he introduced something after this fashion:

"Miss Washington, let me present Mr. Turret. He's not married either, and he wants to be, for he has just told me so. You'd make a fine young couple, just suited to each other. I hope you'll be happy," and with that the representative of the Celestial Empire withdrew, leaving an embryo admiral and possibly a future society leader blushing crimson and speechless with embarrassment.

"The best part of the story is that within half a year Wu's matchmaking bore fruit, and the young people were married."

—*New York Tribune*.

THE revivalist, "Sam" Jones, was once taking women to task for spending more time in prinking than in praying.

"If there's a woman here," he screamed, finally, "who prays more than she prinks, let her stand up."

One poor, old, faded specimen of femininity, in the sorriest, shabbiest of clothes, arose.

"You spend more time praying than prinking?" asked the preacher, taking her all in.

The poor old creature said she did—prayed all the time, prinked not at all.

"You go straight home," admonished Jones, "and put a little time on your prinking."—*Argonaut*.

Two young men sat through the first act at a local theatre, then adjourned to a neighboring tavern for refreshment. The acting was bad, and would have excused the use of stimulants by any but the players. When about to re-enter the building, only one could produce his return check.

"It's all right," said he of the check, airily. "You remember him; he's with me."

"Yes," answered the gatekeeper, more doubtful than polite, "but he may have given his check to some other person."

"But he didn't," was the convincing reply. "He's a stranger here and hasn't an enemy in the city."

The gate opened wide.—*Boston Record*.

WHEN Bishop Potter was asked, the other day, what he thought of woman suffrage, he made the diplomatic reply:

"My dear madam, I have gotten away beyond that; I am trying to make the best terms with the sex that I can obtain."

This brings to mind the *mot* of William M. Evarts when asked by a lady if he did not think that woman was the best judge of woman. He replied:

"Not only the best judge, madam, but the best executioner."—*Argonaut*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Drentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

Established 1823.

**WILSON  
WHISKEY.**

**That's All!**

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,  
Baltimore, Md.

**Arnold  
Constable & Co.**  
Women's Underwear.

NEW DESIGNS

Night Robes, Chemises, Corset Covers,  
Long and Short Skirts,  
Lawn, Nainsook, Cambric and Batiste,  
trimmed with Lace and Embroidery.

Shirt Waists

in White Lawn and Novelty Stuffs.

The "Cecil" Corset.

A Paris made high-class corset of the finest  
whalebone, in Coutil, Batiste and Broché,  
and fashioned in the most approved shapes  
of the leading Paris modistes.

**Broadway & 19th St.**

NEW YORK.

"THE NAME IS EVERYTHING."

**Esterbrook**

on a pen is an absolute  
guarantee of its excellence

ESTERBROOK  
FALCON No. 048 is  
the most popular  
pen in the world.  
Over 150 varieties of  
other styles to suit  
every purpose. All  
stationers have them.  
Accept no substitute.

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO  
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John Street, N. Y.

Manhattan Theatre B'way & 33d St.,  
New York.  
**MRS FISKE**  
and her company in  
**THE UNWELCOME MRS. HATCH**  
An every-day drama by Mrs. Burton Harrison

**School of Bookbinding for Ladies**

SCHLUNING & ADAMS, 256 West 23d St., N. Y. City.

Bookplates Designed and Engraved. Artistic Bookbinders  
Send for Prospectus



ASK  
FOR

**Vigoral**

ARMOUR & COMPANY Chicago

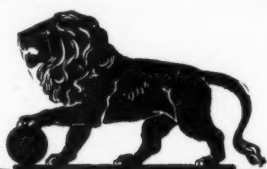
**A DELICIOUSLY SEASONED BEEF DRINK**

AN AGREEABLE STIMULANT. TONES UP A WEAK STOMACH  
A CUP ON RETIRING RELIEVES INSOMNIA.

SERVED AT ALL DRINKING PLACES SOLD IN BOTTLES BY  
DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS







## Gold Lion Cocktails

We have just issued a dainty little book under the caption of

## "Stunts"

A collection of tricks with matches; memory testers; tongue twisters; games, etc., which we mail free on request.

The Cook and Bernheimer Co., New York

# Kodak

Progress  
Competition

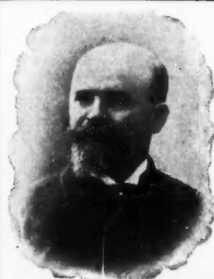
**\$4,000.00**  
**IN PRIZES**

for the best work with  
Kodak and Brownie Cameras.  
\$2,000.00 Cash and \$2,000.00  
in Kodak Prizes.

Circulars giving all the details  
may be had of any Kodak dealer or  
will be sent free by mail.

**EASTMAN KODAK CO.**

Rochester, N. Y.



**CHEW  
BEEMAN'S**  
THE ORIGINAL  
**PEPSIN  
GUM**

Cures Indigestion  
and Sea-Sickness.

All Others are Imitations.

## The STEINERTONE-CHASE & BAKER COMBINATION

Buy a Steinertone if you wish to play with enjoyment and musical expression. The Steinertone Grand and Upright Pianos are the finest Pianos in the world. The Steinertone Grand has no equal; the Steinertone Upright is simply wonderful. Try them and convince yourself.

The Chase & Baker Piano-player is equal to the merits of the Steinertone Piano. It is novel, contains new features that are not in other piano-players, is noiseless, correctly susceptible to expression, accentuates perfectly, and is very handsome in appearance. It costs no more than the instruments of other makers, but is far superior to all of them. **Price \$250.**

THE STEINERTONE CO., 130 5th Ave., cor. 18th St., N. Y.

## Guaranty Trust Co. of New York

NASSAU, CORNER CEDAR STREET.

LONDON OFFICES 33 LOMBARD ST., E. C. 60 ST. JAMES ST., S. W.

**Capital \$2,000,000. Surplus \$4,000,000.**

**INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS** subject to cheque or on certificate.

Acts as Trustee for Corporations, Firms & Individuals; and as Guardian, Executor & Administrator; Takes entire charge of Real and Personal Estates; carefully selected securities offered for investment

**TRAVELERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT** available in all parts of the world;

**ALSO COMMERCIAL LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED.**

**DRAFTS** on all parts of Great Britain, France and Germany **BOUGHT and SOLD.**

WALTER G. OAKMAN, President.

GEORGE R. TURNBULL, 2d Vice-President.

WM. C. EDWARDS, Treasurer.

E. C. HEBBARD, Secretary.

ADRIAN ISELIN, JR., Vice-President.

HENRY A. MURRAY, 3d Vice-President.

JOHN GAULT, Manager Foreign Department.

F. C. HARRIMAN, Assistant Treasurer.

R. C. NEWTON, Trust Officer.

### DIRECTORS:

Samuel D. Babcock,

George F. Baker,

George S. Bowdoin,

August Belmont,

Frederic Cromwell,

Walter R. Gillette,

G. G. Haven,

E. H. Harriman,

R. Somers Hayes,

Charles R. Henderson,

Adrian Iselin, Jr.,

Augustus D. Juilliard,

James N. Jarvie,

Richard A. McCurdy,

Levi P. Morton,

Harry Payne Whitney.

Alexander E. Orr,

Walter G. Oakman,

Henry H. Rogers,

H. McK. Twombly,

Frederick W. Vanderbilt,

### London Committee

ARTHUR J. FRASER, Chairman; LEVI P. MORTON, DONALD C. HALDEMAN.



**NESTOR**  
**CIGARETTES**

## • LIFE •



SIR HENRY ROSCOE, in a privately printed book of lectures, says that once when he and the German Scientist nsen were traveling together in England, they met a lady o mistook Bunsen for his cousin, the Chevalier Bunsen.  
"Have you finished your book, 'God in History,' yet?" asked him.  
"No, madame," he replied; "I regret that my untimely th has prevented my doing so."—*Argonaut*.

### THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

y be occupied by people in a very ugly mood if an emergency arises and there is no telephone service available. ve it in *your* house and take no chances. Rates in Manhattan from \$48 a year. New York Telephone Company, 111 st 38th St., 215 West 125th St.

WHEN Thaddeus some twenty years ago was painting his ous portrait of the Pope, his Holiness exclaimed:  
"How old you make me look!"  
"But are you not old?" asked the artist.  
"Ah, yes," said the Pope, "but the Papacy, the idea ch I represent, is always young."  
—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

### AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

Ladies and gentlemen coached; the art of acting taught Joseph Adelman, former Stage Director for Mr. Henry ler, Miss Elsie de Wolfe and Miss Henrietta Crosman. dio, 11 East 59th Street.

"It is true," said the person of high ideals, "that you e attained prosperity by your writings. But you have duced nothing that will live."  
"Well," answered the comfortable litterateur, "when it es to a question of which shall live, myself or my writs, I don't hesitate to sacrifice my writings."  
—*Washington Star*.

MANY of "the 400" will rendezvous in California this ter. Best train for best travelers is The California ited, via the Santa Fe.

"Who cares for money!" cried Uncle Russell Sage in a ery at noon the other day, "give us another cent's worth gingerbread!"—*Schoolmaster*.

Be cheerful—Keep healthy and happy with Abbott's, the ginal Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

BILL NYE, the humorist, once told Dean Hole that when met Richard Wagner, he said to him:  
"Your music is beyond my comprehension, but I always sure when I hear it that it is really much better than it nds."—*Argonaut*.

### COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY

mpagne aids to digest your food. No dinner table should without it.

A MAN'S idea of an ideal wife is one who thinks she has ideal husband.—*Chicago News*.

CALIFORNIA'S resort hotels will be well patronized by "the " this winter. Best train for best travelers is The Callia Limited, via the Santa Fe.

LITTLE ELMER: Papa, what is it that makes a statesman at?

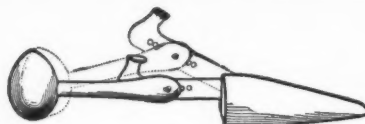
PROFESSOR BROADHEAD: Death, my son.—*Bazar*.

### HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

Commonwealth Avenue. Electric Lights. New and most roved plumbing.

OLD FRIEND: Was your daughter's marriage a success?  
HOSTESS: Oh, a great success. She's traveling in Europe the alimony.—*New York Weekly*.

FELS CHAMBERLIN AND HYGEIA, Old Point: Comfort, Va., Adjoin the largest military post in the United tes.



## Note the Effect

WHEN TREES ARE NOT USED. When LEADAM'S SHOE TREES are used in your shoes daily. They prevent "toeing up," curling of the sole, take and keep out the wrinkles. Give great comfort and make your shoes wear longer. A useful and novel Christmas gift, generally so difficult to find. FOR MEN AND WOMEN, \$1.00 PER PAIR. Your money back if not satisfactory. Illustrated Booklet on "Care of Shoes" sent FREE.  
LIONEL N. LEADAM, 130 Palmetto Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## It is Summer all Winter in CALIFORNIA

Golf, Tennis, Polo, Coaching, Riding, Driving, Fishing, Hunting, Boating, Bathing  
Every Day in the Year

### TAKE THE

## "SUNSET LIMITED"

(Palatial Hotel on Wheels)

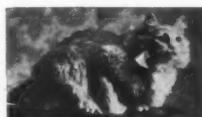
Superb Equipment

Fast Time

Leave New York TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, SATURDAYS

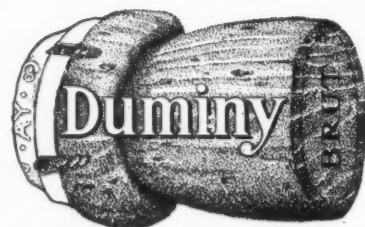
Apply to SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

339 Broadway, or 1 Battery Place, New York



**THOROUGHbred ANGORAS**  
Kittens in all colors and ages; particularly choice for their extra breeding; desirable pets having charming dispositions; playful and intelligent. Illustrated circulars 10c.

Walnut Ridge Farms, Box 2023, Boston, Mass.



The Highest Type of French Champagne  
**CODMAN & HALL CO.**

Agents for the U. S.  
BOSTON, - - - MASS.

## .. LIFE BINDER ..

CHEAP, STRONG AND DURABLE.

We furnish these in black or red, to hold 26 numbers, for \$1.00, postage prepaid.

**LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,**

19 West Thirty-first Street, New York.

## Redmond, Kerr & Co.

DEALERS IN  
HIGH GRADE  
INVESTMENT  
SECURITIES.

BANKERS,  
41 WALL ST., N. Y.  
Members  
N. Y. Stock Exchange.

Issue Travellers' Letters of Credit

Available Over the World.

TRADE MARK

**YPSILANTI UNDERWEAR**

HEALTH

*Ypsilanti* UNDERWEAR

TRADE MARK

Appears on the genuine. Union Suits and Separate Garments, all sizes—only best materials. Sold by progressive dealers. Send for handsome booklet, FREE.  
HAY & TODD MFG. CO., Ypsilanti, Mich.

## A Thoroughbred.

Made from the best grain,

Made from the best spring of water in Kentucky,

Made by the James Crow Scientific formula,

Made by the HAND-MADE SOUR MASH process,

Consequently it is a STRAIGHT Whiskey.

## OLD CROW RYE

Is sold in its purity and fully guaranteed.

GOLD MEDAL awarded Paris, 1900.

H. B. KIRK & CO., Sole Bottlers, N. Y.



Mistress: BUT WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST PLACE?

Cook: OH! WHY BLESS YOU, MUM, I COULDN'T STAND THE WAY MASTER AND MISTRESS QUARRELED.

"WHY, WHAT DID THEY QUARREL ABOUT?"

"WELL, MUM, IT WAS GENERALLY ABOUT THE WAY I COOKED THE DINNER."

—Moonshine.

### Life's Anecdote Contest.

LIFE will pay ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best anecdote, FIFTY DOLLARS for the second best anecdote, and TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the third best anecdote, subject to the following conditions:

- 1.—Anecdotes must not be longer than five hundred words, typewritten, on one side of paper only.
- 2.—Every anecdote sent in must first have appeared in some book or volume, the contents of which have not been published before its appearance. Anecdotes will not be considered which are taken from the bound volumes of magazines or periodicals of any description.
- 3.—There is no limit to the number of anecdotes that can be sent in by any one person. But no single contributor shall be entitled to more than one prize.
- 4.—Every anecdote must contain in the upper right-hand corner of the first sheet the title of the volume from which it is copied, the name of the publisher and the date of the publication of the volume. Where date is not given, this should be stated by the words ("No date").
- 5.—The contributor's name and address should be written plainly on the back of each manuscript.
- 6.—The anecdotes should be addressed to "Anecdote Editor of LIFE, No. 19 West Thirty-first Street, New York," and should be accompanied in each case by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Otherwise the Editors will assume that in case of rejection the return of the manuscript is not desired, and it will be destroyed.
- 7.—Anecdotes will be read in the order received, and if there are duplicates, only the first will be considered.
- 8.—Any period in the world's history and any language can be drawn from, but if from a foreign language, anecdotes must be translated into English.
- 9.—The following definition from the Century Dictionary will govern the meaning of the word anecdote as applied to this contest:

A short narrative of a particular or detached incident or occurrence of an interesting nature; a biographical incident; a single passage of a private life.

10.—From the anecdotes received LIFE will publish the best. At the close of the contest the prizes will be awarded to the three contestants who, in the judgment of the Editors of LIFE, have contributed the best three anecdotes.

11.—The contest will close on February 1, 1902.

## A Gibson Proof Free



Copyright, 1901, by Life Publishing Co.

"A KNOCK AT THE DOOR" is a picture of an episode in the life of two lovers. The two figures are drawn in Mr. Gibson's most characteristic style.

It is specially printed by hand on imported Japanese paper, 11 x 11, and is matted ready for framing.

Each proof is signed personally by Mr. Gibson.

You can secure the signed proof only by sending \$5.00 for a new subscription to LIFE for one year. *The drawing will not be sold or reprinted.* It is for the exclusive ownership of our subscribers. At the expiration of this offer the plate will be destroyed.

New subscribers will receive for five dollars a year's subscription to LIFE and the signed proof, which can be secured in no other way.

LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 19 West 31st St., New York City





SCENE: SCOTTISH TOWN. DAY: THE SABBATH.  
 Policeman (to jovial couple): TAKE CARE, IF YE GO ON LIKE THAT I'LL HAE TO ARREST YE.  
 First Merry Man: WHY, WE'RE NOT EVEN WHISTLING.  
 "NO, BUT YE'RE LOOKING AS HAPPY AS IF IT WERE MONDAY!" —Moonshine.

## A Cocktail Anywhere

Always ready for use  
and require no mixing.

### THE CLUB COCKTAILS

Manhattan, Holland Gin,  
Martini, Tom Gin,  
Whiskey, Vermouth,  
York.

These cocktails are  
made of absolutely  
pure and well matured  
liquors. They are of  
more uniform quality  
and more thoroughly  
mixed than those pre-  
pared in a moment as  
wanted.



G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.  
SOLE PROPRIETORS  
29 Broadway, New York,  
and Hartford, Conn.

## CALIFORNIA 3 FAST TRAINS DAILY

### FASTEST TIME ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE OVERLAND LIMITED leaves Chicago  
8.00 p. m. daily and arrives San Francisco  
5.15 p. m. third day. THE PACIFIC EX-  
PRESS leaves Chicago 10.00 a. m. daily and  
arrives San Francisco 4.15 p. m. third day.  
THE CALIFORNIA EXPRESS leaves Chicago  
11.30 p. m. daily and arrives San Francisco  
8.25 a. m. fourth day. Unrivalled scenery  
and most luxurious service via

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN,  
UNION PACIFIC AND  
SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

All meals in dining cars. Best of every-  
thing. Personally conducted excursions  
every Tuesday and Thursday.

All agents sell tickets via this route.

## WHY EVANS ALE?

First in Progress...  
First in Perfection  
First in Popularity

For 116 Years!!

C. H. EVANS & SONS,  
Established 1786. Hudson, N. Y.



"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."  
—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

## MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS AND RESTAURANTS.

## Waverley

### ELECTRIC VEHICLES

"Always ready for instant use."

With a Waverley Electric you can be  
out riding five minutes after the de-  
sire to take a ride first occurred to  
you. It is this "always ready" fea-  
ture of the Waverley that wins it so  
many admirers. Mileage radius is  
greater than that of any other electric-  
ally-propelled vehicle—over 60 miles  
on one charge.

Price, \$850

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

International Motor Car  
Company  
WAVERLEY DEPARTMENT  
Indianapolis, Ind.

New York  
Branch,  
91 FIFTH  
AVENUE.



'Defender of the Rails—The New York Central.'—Utica Herald.